UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

Calvin Coolidge (1923-1929)

Items From a Traveler's Note-Book

IV

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Shanghai and Beyond

By CURTIS W. REESE

Are the People of India Competent to Rule Themselves?

By J. T. SUNDERLAND

VOLUME CIII NUMBER 1

Chicago, March 4, 1929

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

(Established 1878)

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, EDITOR IN CHIEF

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE Pamphlet Mission FOR FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

Publishing Committee:

George Chainey, Chicago. Wm. C. Gannett, St. Paul.
James La. Jones, Janesville. C. W. Wendte, Cincinnati.
J. C. Learned, St. Louis.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

Francis L. Rogers, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
J. T. Sunderland, 65 Washington St., Chicago, } Editors of
Geo. W. Cooke, Grand Haven, Mich., - } "Notes and News."

UNITY FELLOWSHIP

ZONA GALE
A. EUSTACE HAYDON
JESSE H. HOLMES
JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE
H. R. MUSSEY
M. C. OTTO
EDMUND H. REEMAN
ALSON H. ROBINSON
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Managing Editor

EDITH LLOYD JONES

Editorial Contributors

W. Waldemar W. Argow
Charles E. Beals
Percy M. Dawson
David Starr Jordan
Anna Garlin Spencer
Frederick Starr
Jabez T. Sunderland
James H. West

Foreign Representatives

AUSTRALIA—Charles Strong
AUSTRIA—Stefan Zweig
BULGARIA—P. M. Matthèeff
ENGLAND—Harrison Brown, Fred Hankinson, Walter Walsh
CANADA—Norman Stewart Dowd
FRANCE—G. Demartial, Romain Rolland
GERMANY—Theodor Hahn
INDIA—Rabindranath Tagore
ITALY—Dorothy Walton
JAPAN—Nobuichiro Imaoha
RUSSIA—Alina Huebsch

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 15, 1928, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

SPECIAL!

Two Features for 1929:

(a)—Our Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Holmes, is now on his way to Palestine, where he will deliver an address in dedication of a Public Health Center in Jerusalem. On his return he expects to visit Constantinople, Athens, Egypt and Italy. During his absence, *Mr. Holmes is contributing a weekly letter to* UNITY *describing his observations and experiences.*

(b)—Our Associate Editor, Mr. Reese, is now in India, in attendance on the 100th Anniversary celebration of the Brahmo-Somaj. He plans to return to America *via* Egypt and the Mediterranean. On this four months' trip, *Mr. Reese will write for* UNITY *a series of letters describing his experiences, especially in India.*

These are unrivalled features for the new year. Renew your subscriptions *now*. Send in new subscriptions *now*.

$3.00 Per Year

700 Oakwood Boulevard Chicago

Contents

EDITORIAL—
Notes—W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW 3
Calvin Coolidge (1923-1929)—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 5
Editorial Correspondence: Items from a Traveler's Note-Book—IV.—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 7
Travel Notes—Shanghai and Beyond—CURTIS W. REESE 9

ARTICLES—
Tolerance—*Senator James A. Reed* 3
Russia Through Indian Eyes—*Harindranath Chattopadhya* 11
Are the People of India Competent to Rule Themselves?—J. T. SUNDERLAND 13

POETRY—
We Shall Have Peace—ALICE M. SEAMAN 10
Song—*Louis Ginsberg* 12

THE STUDY TABLE—
The Housing Problem—C. R. SKINNER 14
Rampole Island—HARRIET T. COMSTOCK 14

THE FIELD—
Coming Speakers at the Lincoln Centre Friday Morning Forum 15
The Lincoln Centre Study Group 15
Peace Patriots 15
The National Women's Trade Union League of America 15
A World Peace Day 16
Indiana Peace Contests 16
One-Day Conference 16
Immigrants Protective League Annual Meeting 16

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIII. MONDAY, MARCH 4, 1929 NUMBER 1

TOLERANCE

"If my country means anything to me, sir, it means that its Constitution is broad enough to protect every man in the right to his faith, every man in the right to his opinion, every man in his liberty of speech, in his right of peaceful assemblage, and in his privilege to print his honest thoughts. If this country is to live, then these fountain springs bearing the pure waters of liberty must not be polluted with the poison of hate, covered with the slime of proscription, or polluted by the spirit of intolerance. Give me the radius of any man's intelligence, and I will describe the circle of his tolerance."

—Senator James A. Reed.

Having thrown the gauntlet to the world we must take the consequences. No sooner is the ink dry on the "butcher's bill," otherwise known as the Cruiser Bill, than Great Britain announces through her first Lord of the Admiralty, W. C. Bridgeman, that she proposes to build a navy to equal ours. Thus the vicious, brutal, inhuman, insane race for armaments is started by peace loving (?) America. The British Admiralty has been considering dropping two authorized cruisers, but these will now be constructed. Dispatches from Tokyo indicate that the naval ministry will go ahead with its cruiser building program. Then nearer home, and more significant, was the rumpus in the Canadian house of commons when Richard B. Bennett, conservative leader, virtually accused the United States of trying to foment war with Great Britain. Bennett scored the jingoistic press in the United States and issued warnings that war against Great Britain would also be war against Canada. Then to emphasize this attitude, Prime Minister Mackenzie rebuked the conservative leader with sarcasm, saying,

> If my honorable friend prefers to follow the example of the senate of the United States, I prefer to take my example from the parliament of Great Britain. There have appeared no speeches in the British parliament of the character which my honorable friend made.

What stinging words then follow from the lips of Mr. Bridgeman:

> Thanks to God that the First Lord does not appear before us with a peace pact in one hand and a 10,000-ton cruiser in the other!

Did we sign the Briand-Kellogg pact with our tongue in our cheek and our fingers crossed? Or did we really mean what that pact proposes? Peace is not wholly a matter of treaties, navies and armies. It is first and last a psychological attitude involving a will to do, and a conscience regulating action. Without this the strongest navy and the mightiest army cannot insure peace. Now that we have sown the dragon's teeth we must expect to reap the whirlwind. God pity us in this foul betrayal!

Has this any significance? The senators who voted against the cruiser bill—Brookhart, Frazer, Norris, Nye, Shipstead, Walsh, Burton, Borah, Black, Dill, Thomas—are all from the mid-west. These men represent that portion of our country which is "next to the soil," and therefore as yet free from the taint of commercialism. Strange, is it not, that large cities with their commercial artificialities should go hand in hand with militarism, while rural communities with their natural love of life and "the pursuit of happiness," should go hand in hand with peace! Let any one make a careful analysis of the bills introduced and the votes cast by these senators, and they will discover that on the whole they represent an entirely different class of people, and a different group of interests. It is not true that the eastern and western states voted for the bill because they are in greater danger than the mid-west. The answer is to be found in the independent, self-reliant attitude of the mid-westerners. They preserve that remaining precious remnant of democracy which we prate so much about; while the urban centers think, talk and vote according to the threats of commercial interests. Tell the farmer and small-town man he must vote thus and so, and he will tell you to mind your own business. But tell a large city fellow to vote thus and so, or else lose his job, and straight way he votes! The farmer is physically independent; he can raise enough to eat and wear, no matter what the threat may be. Not so with the large city victim. He is dependent with body and soul upon his job, and therefore must do as told. We may therefore put it down as an axiom: the farther our country gets away from rural independence with its democracy, the closer will it come to commercial plutocracy—the rule of a few artificial interests over many natural human rights. The difference between a democracy and a plutocracy is one of men as ends versus men as means to an end. In a democracy the individual as a human being is an end in himself; for him the state and all its agencies exists. In a plutocracy man is a means to an end; that end, as in the case of a monarchy is the state. What difference does it make if in place of the state as the end we substitute

commercial interests with multi-millionaires and world markets? The results are the same.

This peace business is like the proverbial snakes in Ireland—every snake cut in two makes another snake. And so every peace proposal hacked in two or trimmed down makes new ones. The senate spent hours and days on trimming down, cutting off and interpreting away the Briand-Kellogg pact in the hope of disinfecting it of every vital spark. Yet after they has done their worst to make it a harmless instrument, along comes Senator Arthur Capper who proposes to give this new-born babe a set of powerful teeth. He proposes:

> Section 1, that it shall be unlawful, unless otherwise provided by act of congress or by proclamation of the president, to export to such countries arms, munitions, implements of war or other articles for use in war until the president shall by proclamation declare that such violation no longer continues. Section 2, It is declared to be the policy of the United States that the nationals of the United States should not be protected by their governments in giving aid and comfort to a nation which has committed a breach of the said treaty. Section 3, The president is hereby requested to enter into negotiations with other governments which ratify or adhere to said treaty to secure agreement that nationals of the contracting governments should not be protected by their governments in giving aid and comfort to a nation which has committed a breach of the said treaty.

Good! Now before we can regain our breath along comes Representative Stephen G. Porter who gives these teeth a set of powerful jaws, by proposing that

> it shall be unlawful for any of the signatory nations to send munitions to either of the nations at war, whether aggressive or defensive.

We cannot help wondering why neither of these two gentlemen included money, foodstuffs, clothing and raw materials used in the pursuit of civil life in their list of contrabands. So long as international bankers will continue to loan money to nations at war, it will be impossible to make the boycott effective. Moreover, every time a loan is made to foreign countries it must be backed by gun boats to insure its security. At length we are beginning to see that article XVI of the League of Nations and the Locarno Treaty, each of which contain the economic boycott, are more effective than all the armed force the world possesses. For the cry, "when do we eat," is the oldest and most claimant in human life.

Gradually "the tumult and the shouting dies"! Week after week, month after month and year after year sanity returns apace to the minds of men. It is a little more than eight years ago since the world sat in judgment upon Germany as the arch fiend of humanity. So certain were men that they wrote their wrath against Germany's guilt into the treaty of Versailles, and thus made the terms of that treaty commensurate with the fictitious gift. But time has sobered the peoples, causing them to think more rationally, and to look within their own hearts. When therefore a paper like the Chicago *Tribune* can say on this matter:

> It was a mistake for the victors to carry their moralizing into the terms they gave Germany; for the account would have been sounder if it were not presented as a moral bill, but the treaty makers had to appear *moral* or nothing

—indeed, then has a pricking of conscience come. When we add to these words Senator Shipstead's efforts to get the foreign relations committee to investigate the evidence bearing on war guilt, and to determine if the time is appropriate to recommend to the allies the elimination of the treaty clause which forced an acknowledgment of responsibility from Germany, we may know that the tide has turned. It is in the air. The flood of "revisionists" books dealing with this subject proves it. Who can read Pierre Renouvin's—"The Immediate Origins of the War," Herman Lutz's—"Lord Grey and the World War," Harold D. Lasswell's—"Propaganda Technique in the World War," Sidney B. Fay's and Harry Elmer Barnes'—"Genesis of the World War," and not realize what a belied and deluded lot we were. Count Carlo Sforza, minister of foreign affairs for Italy following the war, said in a recent lecture at Wesleyan University that the responsibility must be shared by all the European nations, and that all were equally guilty. What strikes us is the complete absence of an apologetic note on the part of these writers. With one accord they line these nations up before the judgment bar of history, while truth points its accusing finger at them, demanding, "are you guilty"? "And are you likewise guilty"? Only to hear each penitent crying, successively, "Yea, I am more guilty than the rest"! Slowly, but surely, the truth shall make us free.

What is prosperity? Who can help asking this question while perusing the Internal Revenue statistics for the past year. $113,184,433,026.00 was received for tobacco including cigarettes and cigars; $52,241,404.00 for oleomargarine; $30,327,890.41 for the transfers on stocks; $15,526,879.08 for new capital stocks issued; $261,000,000.00 for perfumes and cosmetics; $820,000,000.00 for ice cream and soft drinks; $87,000,000.00 for chewing gum; $934,000,000.00 for theaters. Up until January 1, 1927, America owned 23,262,183 automobiles, one for every five people, and one bath tub for every twenty people. Already 1% of our citizens own 59% of the wealth, while 87% own only 10% of the entire wealth. Are we crazy or just foolish? In the face of all this prosperity the associated charities are demanding larger budgets to care for the increasing dependents. The dollar buys more automobile, but less rent, more amusement and less groceries, more perfume and less books. Something is radically out of balance here. How long can a civilization go on multiplying public dining rooms and waiters ten times faster than homes are being established through marriages? How long will it be ere we set apart a few citizens who will breed our

children for us as a state function, as we now set policemen apart to perform a certain official service? The rest of us can then live in our automobiles with radio attached, drinking our synthetic gin, and exchange our wives or husbands, oftener than we do a tire.

Argue as we may, spendthrift people will not develop virtues. For virtue, like physical strength, is wrought out only in contest with the hard, rugged realities of life. For where there is no contest people perish!

W. W. W. ARGOW.

Calvin Coolidge (1923-1929)

The one thing to say about Calvin Coolidge, upon his retirement from the Presidency, is that there is nothing to say. More than any other man who has ever held the highest office in the gift of the American people, this man is completely and absolutely negative.

I

Calvin Coolidge has no ideas. He has spoken and written with amazing frequency and fullness for one who has been popularly described as "silent." We can only explain this in itself not uncomplimentary epithet on the supposition that men have discovered that, for all his verbosity, the President has none the less said nothing. His style of utterance has a certain pithy simplicity; his short, crisp, laconic sentences have suggested to his heedless admirers a comparison with the speeches and papers of Abraham Lincoln. But, whereas, the latter's simplest words clothed original, creative, often profound thought, the former's have been but the deceptive covering of emptiness. The most sympathetic and impartial reader of Coolidge's book, "The Price of Freedom," would find it difficult to discover an idea that was anything more than the feeble echo of platitudinous conventionality.

Calvin Coolidge has had no policies. Few men have ever left the presidential office without identifying their names with principles and policies of vital importance. As ordinary a man as John Tyler had a policy in regard to the annexation of Texas. As feeble a man as Franklin Pierce knew what he thought about the Kansas-Nebraska situation. Turning to later presidents, we think of Grover Cleveland and tariff reform, William McKinley and protection, Theodore Roosevelt and the conservation of natural resources, Woodrow Wilson and the federal reserve. With Coolidge, however, we think of nothing but "economy," which, in his hands, has been not a policy at all, but mere cheeseparing in the matter of federal expenditures. If anything constructive has been achieved in this administration—as, for example, the Kellogg-Briand Treaty for the Outlawry of War—it has been primarily because of other men who imposed upon the President a policy which he assisted because it promised credit to his administration.

Calvin Coolidge has offered no leadership to his party or his country. His rule of conduct has been to do nothing, and thus make no mistakes. One can only think, with a stirring of the blood, of what other and stronger men would have done with such crises as came to Mr. Coolidge during his career. Grover Cleveland's veto record on the pension bills of his day are evidence of what he would have done in the Bonus fight. Imagine Theodore Roosevelt face to face with the oil scandals. Picture Woodrow Wilson, of federal reserve fame, grappling with the problem of farmers' relief! In nothing has Calvin Coolidge ever offered leadership of a courageous and redemptive order. Even in the conduct of his official administration, there has been no steady direction of affairs. Never before in the history of this country, we venture to assert, has there been a president who has been so unaware of what his cabinet officers have been doing, and thus has himself done so little in the way of co-ordinative control. For five years and more, we have had in the White House a little man who has shown his essential pettiness of character by being mulishly stubborn on matters of little consequence, and quickly obedient to those who have known exactly what they wanted in matters of large public (and *private!*) concern. Not since the days of Buchanan has the nation been so devoid of leadership. In both these eras, the government seemed to be drifting. As a matter of fact, it has been guided by inside influences far removed from any direct and true fulfilment of the nation's destiny.

II

Yet no president has been more generally and continually popular than Calvin Coolidge! How explain this fact?

There is no drama in this man's career. The only stirring event in which he ever became entangled—the Boston police strike—was not of his making and not of his mending. One searches in vain in his biographies for anything to match the tales that crowd the lives of Cleveland and Roosevelt, and even of William Howard Taft. Whereas, many a president's career has been a hero saga, Coolidge's has been little more than a bed-time story.

Mr. Coolidge is no orator. Mr. Bryan could sway the multitudes by eloquence, and hold them spell-bound not only for an hour, but for years. But not a spark of this divine fire was ever kindled in the soul of Calvin Coolidge. The magical power of the orator is as far removed from his nature as the similar power of the poet and the musician.

Mr. Coolidge has no personality—the surest road to fame and favor. No man could resist McKinley, so great was his personal charm. Roosevelt swept men like a whirlwind, and they bowed to him like cornblades before the gale. Wilson had the potency of mystery and innate greatness. Even Harding

"looked the part" when he enacted the role of president.

And lastly, be it said to his credit, Mr. Coolidge is no charlatan, and thus has won no popularity through the wiles of fakery. This cannot be said of a man like Disraeli, or even of a man like Roosevelt. The latter, like the former, knew when to beat the tom-tom and play the medicine-man. But it is one of Mr. Coolidge's most likable and worthy traits that there is not an atom of hypocrisy in him. Even when he was weakly persuaded to don cow-boy togs and wear ten-gallon hats for the amusement of the movie groundlings, his unconcealable distaste for the sham made the performance pathetic and thus a failure. No! Whatever else he is, Mr. Coolidge is his own unimaginative self.

And yet he has been popular—to the utter mystification of discerning men.

I cannot see how Calvin Coolidge gets the votes, said a certain student of affairs. He has absolutely killed every tradition we've ever had in Massachusetts as to the qualities one must have to be a successful politician.

III

The explanation, if there be any, is to be found in the deliberate endeavor to establish and maintain Mr. Coolidge's popularity on the part of those who had good reason to desire it. Almost exclusively this popularity has been a newspaper popularity. Never before has a president enjoyed such an unbroken and long-sustained chorus of praise as has been poured forth in adulation upon Calvin Coolidge by the press of this nation. The party press has almost disappeared before this unanimity of journalistic goodwill which has sustained him. And, of course, this was not without cause! The newspapers of America, with rare exceptions, are no longer free agents. They do what they are told; and they were told in this case that it was a wise and wary thing to speak well of the President.

But this was made easy by certain other factors which enter into the popularity of Calvin Coolidge.

Thus, there is the Coolidge myth, which centers in what first-class propagandists have told the people was done by the Governor of Massachusetts on the occasion of the Boston police strike. The fact that there is no truth in the accepted story is as inconsequential as the fact that there is no truth in the legends attaching to the name of Abraham Lincoln. This story is believed, as it will always be believed; and it has done, as it will continue to do, its work of making Calvin Coolidge a man beloved of the people. Better than truth at any time for purposes of popularity is a first-class myth. It is of myths that the gods are made!

Secondly, there is the Coolidge tradition. Never was there more ideal material for the manufacture of a presidential hero than that contained in the life of Mr. Coolidge. The Vermont farm-house, the stern administration of James Monroe. It is not without and sturdy Yankee father, the country school, labor on the crops and in the wood-shed, and the incomparable scene of the midnight hour, the kerosene lamp, the paternal justice-of-the-peace, the silent hills, the waiting country, when the new President took the oath of office after the death of Mr. Harding! Here are all the familiar and dearly treasured elements of American folk lore, to match the log-cabins and rail-fences and canal-boats of earlier and more heroic eras. Our people had begun to fear that these classic traditions of our political life were disappearing; but here they were again, to rekindle our faith and substantiate our dreams.

Then, there was the Coolidge background! Upon what an inheritance the Vice-President entered when Mr. Harding died, and against what a background were his virtues displayed to the observation of the people! Even the most modest virtues looked sublime when seen in the perspective of Fall, Daugherty, Forbes, and their complacent chief. And such virtues as Mr. Coolidge actually possessed were the exact antithesis of everything that had been so noisomely thrust upon our attention by the "Ohio gang." What wonder that the people leaped to Mr. Coolidge with a rapture that rather stunned this cold and unemotional little man. But the adulation really never was his own. It represented in essence only a means of escape and compensation for a nation moved to disgust by the debaucheries of 1921-23.

Lastly, as an explanation of Mr. Coolidge's popularity, there is the age in which he flourished. A post-war epoch—therefore, a corrupt, materialistic, disillusioned and essentially uncritical period of history! In such a time men wanted to be left alone. They craved neither progress nor excitement. Absorbed in enormous public affairs for a decade, they turned with relief to their private affairs, especially as these latter promised a comfort and satisfaction not known before in many years. Thus the silence and inaction of the President were like balm laid upon a wound. Coolidge fitted perfectly into the post-war picture. Even had men been much more critical than they are at such a time, they could have found nothing but praise for such a chief.

IV

With such assets, what wiser thing could Calvin Coolidge do during his term of office than "stand-pat"? This son of Vermont is as shrewd a Yankee as ever trod the by-ways of the granite hills. What his own innate temperament dictated was precisely what the times demanded, and who was he to disturb the perfect co-ordination? Hence, a presidency inactive, uneventful, empty, but popular beyond all record, and happier than any known since the "era of good feeling" in the accident that this is known as "the age of Calvin Coolidge." Posterity will use this name, and thus confirm this judgment.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Items from a Traveler's Note-Book

IV

Odds and Ends

I am sailing from Geneva to Alexandria, *via* Naples and Syracuse. These are days when little is happening, and my mind is, therefore, roving back over recent experiences, and I jot down here some odds and ends of thought.

(1)—First, I have been studying the workings in myself of what our modern psychologists have taught us to call the "inferiority complex." When I entered the dining-room on the first night out on the "Vulcania," I found myself facing a battery of dress-suits. I had my own dress-suit in my trunk, but on this occasion I was deliberately, appropriately, and modishly clad in a clean shirt and collar, a custom-made, newly pressed business suit, and a handsome black tie. Yet I felt uncomfortable, and was a bit elated when I discovered four other men simply clad like myself. The next evening I again entered the dining-room unglorified by my "glad rags," and inwardly saluted the faithful four who joined me in our rebellion against the nonsense of fashionable display. I am not accustomed to dressing nightly for dinner in my own home, and I was resolved not to play the hypocrite just because I was now living in a semi-public floating hotel. Furthermore, I was glad to do anything to separate myself from the swell snobs who made up the overwhelming majority of our passenger list. Nevertheless, in spite of my sense of dignity in my protest and self-assertion in a righteous cause, something subconscious and thus uncontrollable was getting hold of me. I felt "out of things"; worse, I felt "*under* things." I was an inferior, or was being regarded as such by my fellows in this little world of our ship! And not all the comradeship of those four gallant gentlemen who were arrayed even as I, availed to sustain me against sensations of depression.

None the less, I stuck it out. Night after night I changed, but only to the simple clothes of my own personal habit and convention. But inferiority was doing its work, and by the end of the week, I had got to the point where I could not even address the stewards without a trembling hesitation in my voice. Yet, curiously enough, it was these real "inferiors" (so-called), the stewards, who were dressed identically like the swellest of the swells. Even the deck-stewards wore dress-suits! I and my four associates were the only men on the boat who could be distinguished by their clothes from the servants. What a topsy-turvy world—and how inexpressibly funny if we could only forget our sham for a moment, and take a good look and laugh at ourselves!

At last, toward the end of the voyage, there came an event—the fancy dress ball!

"You must dress for this," said my wife. "This is an occasion when you would wear a dress-suit at home, and you must do the same here." I agreed—especially as this qualified me for entrance to the ball! My dress-suit, in the eyes of my fellow passengers, would surely be all the "fancy dress" that I would need. So, with scrupulous care I climbed into my splendid raiment, and for the first time appeared as good as anybody else. Then it was that psychology got in its deadly work. For when I entered the dining-saloon that night, my chest expansion was at least six inches greater than the evening before; as I crossed the room, I stood not less than seven feet tall; when I took my place at my table, I ordered my mineral water with a grace and *savoire fairé* that would have put Beau Brummel to shame. I think I might have exploded in my pride, had not my wife suggested that the passengers were probably thinking that I had not worn my dress-clothes before, because I had only one shirt. But all my sense of inferiority was gone! I was as good as anybody else. I could have navigated the darned old ship if necessary. And nothing had changed except my clothes. Thomas Carlyle was right—there is a whole philosophy in clothes!

Right here, if we only knew enough to make the application, lies the heart of the unemployment problem. I remember, for example, the day I was trying to brace up a poor fellow who had come stumbling into the church looking for a job.

"Come, come," I said. "Be a man! Straighten up, and stop being afraid! Look the world in the face! You'll get a job just as soon as you have the courage to walk in and ask for it as though you were entitled to it."

"That's all right," said the poor chap, in reply, "but how can I do it? Look at my clothes."

Yes, look at his clothes! There was the story. His garments were worn and frayed, rumpled from the disinfecting treatment in the municipal lodging-house, stained here and there from exposure. As he walked the streets, he felt himself an outcast. As he sought a job he bore himself like a cur who carried his tail between his legs in expectation of the next kick. This man looked down and out, and his inward spirits were an exact counterpart of his outward appearance. But dress him in a suit of clothes as good as the next man's and he would walk as straight as this man! Make him look successful, and he would *be* successful! There is more truth than we realize in the saying, "Clothes make the man." So, I offer herewith my solution of the unemployment problem! Give every out-of-work a new suit of clothes. This will enable him to look as though he didn't need a job—and, behold, he *won't* need a job! This, of course, is an exaggeration. But at the heart of it is the truth that unemployment, and every other social problem, has a psychological element quite as important as its economic element. Men, after all, are men, and not "robots"!

(2)—Italian traffic conditions have amused me, especially the leisureliness of them. I suppose that donkey travel is still so common, and a short journey, therefore, so inevitably a day's journey, that nobody sees the need or use of haste. This was impressed upon us when we came to our first railroad crossing in the Riviera. The gates were down, and on either side was a motley collection of donkeys, market wagons, and automobiles. After several moments' waiting I made inquiries as to the whereabouts of the train, only to learn that nobody knew. "It's due here, sir, and so the gates are down." A half-dozen experiences of this kind in the course of our drive taught me that this was the law in Italy. When the train is due,

down go the gates! If it chances to be late, never mind! The gates must remain down. We had one wait of some ten or fifteen minutes. Our chauffeur told us that on occasion he had waited as long as forty minutes. I fumed not a little, but nobody else seemed disturbed. This was a good excuse for resting, chatting, enjoying the sunshine. But it seemed curious, even though grade crossing accidents are unknown in Italy.

This gentle custom helped to explain a delay encountered as we were passing through a little shore village. As we turned a corner, we saw a crowd which blocked the road from house-wall to house-wall. I promptly dismounted and went ahead, to discover that a funeral was under way. Here was the hearse drawn across the road. Around it were gathered mourners, some nuns and school-girls in black attire, and all the villagers, apparently, from near and far. The men stood reverently uncovered as a priest, standing by the hearse, spoke in eulogy of the deceased. Meanwhile, all traffic was blocked both ways, but nobody seemed impatient. The dead had rights which the living were bound to respect. In due time the service was over, and the hearse went upon its way—and so did we. It may be, after all, that hurry is not the first law of life!

(3)—It amazes me, whenever I travel, that so simple a thing as the establishment of an international currency has been left to private enterprise. If there is anything irritating, as one journeys about, it is the constant changing of money whenever one crosses a border. The exchange involves loss; the new money has to be learned; the task of keeping properly supplied with currency, and not over-supplied, is onerous in the extreme. The whole thing would be impossible, were it not for the banks and tourist agencies which have created a currency which is as near to being international in character as modern governmental conditions permit. An American Express note, or a Cook's check, is good in any city in any country. In hotels and stores it passes for money, and thus does the business of money. If private institutions have done this, why not governments? Why is it not entirely feasible that a basic system of currency should be established, say, by the League of Nations, and the notes of this currency be made good in every country of the globe? H. G. Wells has declared that the existence of such a currency is one of the fundamental conditions of world peace. We agree with him—and would add that the existence of such a currency is a fundamental condition of human happiness. I have been traveling sixteen days, and have handled the money of four countries. What nonsense—and what misery!

Naples and Africa

I have been to Milan, and *not* seen the cathedral; I have been to Lucerne, and *not* seen the Lion; I entered yesterday into the far-famed Bay of Naples, and saw neither Naples on the left nor Vesuvius on the right. It was our first bad day since leaving New York, and the rain and fog spoiled everything. In the chill of the evening, when we sailed away after a six hours' stay in port, the air had cleared a bit. We saw the city, the slopes of Vesuvius (but not the smoking summit), and the rocky shores of Capri. But it was wet and dismal and we quickly sought the warm shelter of our lovely ship.

In Naples, we saw little, as it was the height of discomfort to move about. The rain, the mud, the damp and oily smells were depressing. But we went to the museum to see the collection of Pompeiian relics, only to be congealed to the point where a volcanic shower of nice warm ashes and lava would have been welcome. Had it come, we would not have run away, but sat right down in those ice-cold rooms, and thawed out our hands and feet. The remains of Pompeii were, of course, fascinating in the extreme, but they have been described a thousand times, and I refrain.

We also visited the cathedral, a vast, stony refrigerating-plant where a day's supply of meat for the city could have been kept in prime condition. I was particularly interested in the *old* cathedral—which was originally a pagan temple of Apollo. It was made over into a Christian church in 343 A. D., but the pillars and much of the pavement of the temple are still in place. I was also interested in a new and decidedly up-to-date method of burning altar candles, which I had not seen before. The candles before one altar in a wide chapel were electric candles. There were six of them, each carefully numbered; number 2 was lit. At one side was a small "nickel-in-the-slot" box, with six numbered openings, and directions to the effect that, if you wanted to light a candle, you must drop a 50-centimes piece in one of the slots. This kind of a device seemed especially made for Americans, well trained to gum-vending slot-machines in subways, railroad stations, etc. So I took out my coin, selected number 3 as my candle, and dropped the coin in the corresponding slot. It went in beautifully—that is, it disappeared. Then I watched the candle, waiting to see that little electric bulb leap into sudden radiance. But did it burn? Not for a minute! There wasn't a flash, nor a gleam. Not even a dull red glow! Just exactly nothing at all happened. I pounded the box, the way we pound our slot-machines in America under similar circumstances. I poked my knife into the slot. I blew into the slot, and whistled into it. I screwed the candle-bulb on and off. I shook the candle till it cracked. All to no avail! It was, indeed, an up-to-date device. Meanwhile, the poor soul for whom I was lighting that candle still languishes in Purgatory for his sins. I had a lot of souls in mind—cardinals and popes and diplomats and militarists; I don't know what particular sinner I would have chosen. But it made no difference. That candle did not burn!

More interesting to me, perhaps than anything I have seen on land, is what I am now seeing on the water. Just the Mediterranean, that's all—but how it stirs my imagination! I thought of it as we passed the Pillars of Hercules over a week ago, and recalled that these two elevations marked the end of the world to the ancient civilizations. And for all the centuries preceding the discovery of America, this vast inland sea was the center of the world's activity! The watch-towers on the European shores bear mute testimony to the pirate crafts which for centuries swept these waters with rapine and horror. The scattered Roman ruins on these same shores tell how the Roman triremes journeyed westward, and nosed their way into the inlets and harbors. The Phoenician craft, frail galleys and sailing-ships, came this far. Across these blue waves the Carthaginian fleets moved on to Spain, and made this land a Carthaginian possession. In Syracuse, we lay at anchor in the harbor where the Athenian fleet of Alcibiades was destroyed by the Syracusans and their allies, while the Greek army on the hills yonder looked on in terror and despair. Through these eastern

waters, the ships of the Grecian mariners coursed for centuries. Along these shores journeyed Paul on his long voyage to Rome. Later times brought the fleets of Venice and Genoa. What a pageant of the ages! As I stood on deck last night and listened to the throbbing of this ship, it seemed suddenly as though I heard the beat of oars, and saw coming out of the darkness a lurching trireme. There were the galley-slaves, chained naked, sweaty and bleeding to their benches. There were the legionaires, with helm and shield and gleaming spear. High up aloft, dimly disclosed by the trembling lantern, was the captain, driving his craft through the night to some dread deed of pillage. What scenes these waters have beheld, what cries they have echoed, what mysteries they have swallowed up forever! And tonight I am sailing along in comfort, happiness and safety. The ships we meet are friendly ships, the shores we pass are peaceful shores. We have our slaves—the stokers far below. Only a few years ago, this sea was filled with terror, and every drifting wisp of smoke an occasion of fear. But still, there is progress. Like Milton's lion, we are clawing our way out of the past that still confines us into the future when we shall be free. Who can despair of what lies ahead when he sees in this portion of the world what lies behind?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

S. S. "Esperia," en route, Genoa to Alexandria.

Travel Notes—Shanghai and Beyond

[Editorial Correspondence]

Two days in a city are not sufficient to enable one to form an adequate opinion. Nevertheless, I must record that Shanghai is an "international nightmare."

We arrived on Christmas Eve. The city was full of people of all races, many of whom had come in solely for a wild celebration. Soldiers, who happened to be British, were at their worst. Nanking—Bubbling Well Road was the scene of their outrages. They rode Rickshas and refused to pay; then when the coolies protested, the soldiers turned the Rickshas over and beat the coolies with sticks. The police of Chicago would not allow a dog to be treated as are the coolies in Shanghai. Nations that allow their "representatives" and citizens in foreign countries to act as they do in Shanghai lack mentality, not to say humanity, in their governing bodies. I can find no words adequate to express my feeling of sympathy for the coolie—especially for the Ricksha men of Shanghai. Nothing is surer than that China will drive the foreigner into the ocean. Gun boats are powerless to keep back the rising spirit of revolution. But expelling the rule of the foreigner will be only a beginning. The Chinese government must not be satisfied with political reforms alone; they need economic reforms also. The individualistic theories of the West are not competent to redeem China. Wholesale co-operative processes are necessary.

On the ship from Shanghai to Hongkong, we had tea with a young Filipino and his bride. The bride is the daughter of Dr. Galicano Apacible who resigned as secretary of agriculture during the regime of Gen. Wood. She told me how her father was chairman of a revolutionary committee back in the days of Spanish control of the Islands. For some time he worked from Hongkong, shipping munitions to the Philippines. Once he hid Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who was a personal friend. Both were doctors of medicine. The bride is a true daughter of the father's revolutionary spirit. She likes politics and grows eloquent over woman suffrage. The husband, a clean cut, young real estate man has somewhat old-fashioned ideas about women. I told him his wife would soon have him carrying a banner in a suffrage parade. She will, too.

Another day we had tea with Marquis M. Hochisuka of Japan, who specializes in birds. He was educated in Europe. He is a gentlemanly fellow of fine texture; but unfortunately more interested in birds than in people. Still I grant that our feathered friends should have proper attention.

To my surprise I found Hongkong a charming city on a beautiful island. The time there was all too short.

Having previously run into the floating university, and having heard and read much of it, we were glad of an opportunity to meet the President, Prof. Greenbie, who had gone on ahead to form contacts. In Hongkong we had dinner with him. He has made a special study of the East, having written at least two books on the subject. He has a great fund of information about China and Japan. Nevertheless, he seems to me to get lost in the shrubbery and so fails to hear the sound of the wind in the mulberry trees.

As we sailed from Hongkong, I learned that Pussyfoot Johnson was aboard. Immediately, I sought him out. He was on the way to the Philippines, where I later learned his press agents had preceded him. He said the prohibition forces of India are co-operating splendidly. He commended the Brahmo Somaj as being "as dry as I am." He is a rather quiet fellow of temperate habits. Before parting he treated me—to spearmint!

But the matter of chief interest for this letter is the story of the Philippine visit. Upon arriving in Manila, we went to the Manila Hotel, which seems to be the headquarters for the Americanoes in the Philippines. We arrived New Year's morning. From all reports New Year's Eve was properly celebrated. Our brief experience in both Manila and out in the country was altogether favorable to the Filipinos. They are a worthy people and not at all fairly represented in "The Isles of Fear."

I was especially interested in meeting Bishop Gregoris Aglipay, founder and head of the Independent Church of the Philippines. He is a stalwart old man, of near eighty. He was a General in the Philippine revolution against Spain and also in the war with the United States. In the war with the United States, he was one of the few generals not captured. A reward of $25,000 was put on his capture; but his fellow countrymen loved him better than they did money, so no one would give information as to his whereabouts. After being approached by former schoolmates, and being told of the futility of further resistance, he gave himself up, swore allegiance to America, and settled down to a peaceful and fruitful life.

The interpreter of our extended conversations was Jahelo de Los Reyes, a young priest of the Independent Church, son of the Senator who coined the phrase "Immediate Independence."

After a suitable exchange of tobacco, in which I gained a quantity of cigars which I never use—the Bishop supplied me with books, pamphlets, and autographed photos of himself both as a Bishop and as a General.

The Bishop then inquired if I would like to drive about the city. I replied that I preferred to talk with him. He being a man of action suggested that we talk while riding. That seemed a reasonable compromise, so after further exchange of tobacco, we started. First, we called to see Aguinaldo. Aguinaldo is a long time friend and co-worker of the Bishop. Unfortunately, he was out, and I did not get to see him. But I was much interested in the picture of the clean cut, young school teacher that hung on the wall of the Bishop's office. My mind leaped back to the days of the war with the Philippines, when I, as a small boy, filled with war-time propaganda supposed Aguinaldo to be a sort of wild savage. In truth he was a young, idealistic school teacher fighting for the liberty of his people.

Next we called on Don F. Buencamino, who was Secretary of State for the Republic of the Philippines that had a short life between the going of the Spaniards and the coming of the Americans. The old man, who is a member of the Independent Church, greeted us cordially. I told him I was glad to meet a man who had grown old in the service of liberty. He replied that he got his ideas of liberty from the American constitution. (My, how I wish Americans would study the constitution.) He then added that liberty has its dangers. I suggested that liberty, however, is a prerequisite to all things worth while. He agreed. A question, said he, was bothering him. Would I from my "superior wisdom" answer it. Assuring him that I sat at his feet, I asked for the question. It was this: Since America is a country of science and learning, why are there so many Christian denominations, and do they worship different gods or only the same God in different ways? I replied that the great mass of people in America, like those in all other countries, are neither scientific nor learned, and that their understanding of Deity is altogether inadequate. Miss Mayo, he said, had done the Islands a great injustice. He wants America to hold the Islands another ten years. The reason he does not want immediate freedom is that the Catholic church would control at present. He thinks that within ten years the Independent Church will gain control. In this respect, he is much more conservative than the young generation of intellectuals, and the old generation of revolutionists. Moreover, "Al" and I do not agree with him. After an exchange of tobacco we departed. (My pockets were bulging with cigars; but later I found them useful, in negotiations with hotel clerks and ship pursers.)

We then went to the monument marking "the battle cry of liberty." On the way the Bishop explained why he started the Independent Church. To me his reason seemed sound. He thought the Catholic church was alien and artificial, and that the islands should have a church that really grew out of their life and aspirations. As we approached the monument, he explained that he inaugurated the Independent Church by conducting mass on the very spot marking the cry for liberty. A dramatic and prophetic event.

The old Bishop is a rare soul. Unique, forceful, conscious of dramatic effect, he has put his imprint on the future of the religious life of the Islands.

The census of 1918 gives the Independent Church one and a half million adherents. They now claim 3,000,000. Whole communities have gone over to them. Young de Los Reyes said that in some provinces, small colleges are under way. Young lawyers are doing double duty by preaching as well as pleading.

The movement now needs a publishing house. This the Bishop plans to start soon. It also needs a theological school. This the Bishop expects to make possible in his last will and testament. But the whole process could be speeded up by the co-operation of some utterly non-proselyting movement, or perhaps better still by some generous person who would like to help build the soul of a great people. Some one suggested that I might bring home a White Elephant. Well, here it is! White with hope and Elephantine in possibilities!

On the ship from Manila to Singapore, we had tea with two young men who have recently done the Amazon country. Each is writing a book exploding the myth of the Amazon. They insist that anybody can do the jungles and that most of the "snake stories" are made of whole cloth. My word, but this process of debunking the world is moving apace! I look for some one to prove that Mellon is not a great financier.

Anyway, we sail along. Tomorrow morning we reach Singapore, where we must await connections for Calcutta. We shall arrive in India about January 22, instead of January 2 as previously planned.

A wireless says that Dr. Lothrop is better, and will come on the Van Buren, arriving in India about February 1. This is good news.

Today the sky is overcast with thick clouds, and we are having a vacation from the tropical sun.

CURTIS W. REESE.

January 6, 1929, S. S. Pres. Wilson, at sea.

We Shall Have Peace

We shall have peace! no more against the sky,
The screaming shell with poisoned breath shall pass;
For we shall lash the Heavens with our cry,
And God shall listen. From the martyred mass
In Europe's soil, our souls have caught the sound,
Echoing the world around, "We shall have peace!"

We shall have peace! the sword shall turn to rust,
The belching cannon be forever dumb,—
Hatred shall die—and not our sons—it must,
If still we dare to pray "Thy Kingdom Come,"
Or claim to know and do his righteous will,
Who said "Thou Shalt not Kill," And taught us peace.

We shall have peace! and every land secure,—
For all have suffered War's defeat and shame;
If we, as Nation's, hope to still endure,
We must have peace,—the time has come to claim
It. Out of the blight, and bloodshed of the past,
Lo! Justice wakes at last,—We shall have peace!

ALICE M. SEAMAN.

Russia Through Indian Eyes

[Mr. Harindranath Chattopadhya, the well known Indian poet and artist, gives in the following article his impressions about Russia. He was one of the guests invited for the tenth anniversary celebrations of Russian revolution by the Society for the Promotion of Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries. Russia being considered, both by Europe and America, the home of all arts and especially theatre, Mr. Chattopadhya was naturally inclined to stay and he was offered all facilities to study modern Russian Theatre.—Editor].

No I shall never forget my first impression of Russia. It was at night that our train reaching the frontier drew up for a few minutes in the blood red glow of a bright blazing star suspended from a tall post which marked the land of the Soviets. Silent, clad in his grey uniform, stood a Red soldier. He made a deep impression. Let me tell you that many of us were reminded of the celebrated star of Bethlehem heralding a new order. Indeed, there was a feeling almost as of a new cult in the whole atmosphere.

Before we changed our trains at the frontier, we were led into a great big hall in the station building. It was impressively decorated. Long tables were laid out for the delegates, and all around them huge crowds of men, women and children stood with bright beaming faces and clear intelligent eyes, which seemed to convince us of a warm spontaneous welcome. Here it is very interesting to note the entire change in the people, and their attitude from that experienced elsewhere. A rich feeling of freedom, equality, comradeship, and a decided attitude towards a world idea which transcends all geographical limitations—these were some of the characteristics which one could not help feeling. Further, to me as coming from an Oriental country, it was interesting to note the Oriental sense, in the groups, of tone, gesture and color. The remarkable speeches after supper made by the men and especially by the women were significant, full of clear thinking and definite purpose.

My second impression was the huge miles of snow in the breaking light of day, interminable wastes . . . a hut or two lying like dots at intervals, and here and there a peasant and, perhaps, a horse at the plough. Moscow at last! Huge crowds again. We were led in procession, to the tune of the celebrated "International" played by soldiers, through long lines of welcoming crowds who met to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the October revolution. From street to street were visible the signs of rejoicing over the victory of the workers and peasants specially marked by huge red hangings with revolutionary mottos and pictures of Lenin, Rykov, Stalin and others who represent to the people not so many individuals but only one single idea.

After the celebrations which lasted only a few days, I had the occasion of studying and observing for myself certain aspects of Russia in the making. For, as you know already, we can but talk of Russia "in the making," that is, of Russia within the past six years only, during which period she has tried to rebuild herself out of the chaos caused by the world war and her own inevitable revolution. Personally, I believe, that this process of reconstruction has been phenomenal, especially when we take into account the dearth of qualified men and women, and money, not to speak of the perpetual opposition from outside.

The Soviet Government has understood the absolute necessity of wiping out illiteracy. The Government is sparing no pains in affording the facilities for a splendid all-round education to its people. This education includes both a physical and a mental training. The result has been remarkable. Men, women and children, even including old men and women have, within the past few years, shown immense promise amounting almost to prophecy of a complete wiping out of illiteracy within the next few years. A special feature was the desire on the part of most people, both young and old, to acquire a knowledge of foreign languages. An important place has been given to the Oriental languages, including Hindi. An old man, baldheaded and toothless, used to come to me for lessons in Hindi in which he took infinite interest while a young boy of seventeen often comes to me with a purpose to speak Urdu.

You cannot escape noticing the genuine efforts being made towards the industrializing of the whole country. Of course, the process is apparently slower than it might have been, for obvious reasons. One meets with a great deal of poverty and sees conditions which are not altogether avoidable for a certain time to come. But the people are aware of this fact and do not complain.

In Leningrad the delegates were invited to lunch by the Red Army. Long tables were laid out in parallel rows. At the center table, we sat among the officers. At the other tables, sat the Red soldiers. Some of the soldiers did the serving, while others struck up martial music every five minutes. The food that the Red soldiers eat is both healthy and appetizing. The beds they sleep on are clean and the barrack-quarters entirely habitable and hygienic. The walls of the barracks are decorated with illustrated newspaper sheets, and, of course, the photographs of the celebrated leaders of the Revolution, and one of them, as usual, Lenin's strong, clear Mongolian face being the most conspicuous. The soldiers of the Red Army are strong men, kind and cultured. If you ask them what the difference is between them and other soldiers, they tell you "While others don't know what they are fighting for, we do. We fight for no king or country—but we fight for the emancipation of the whole world. We belong to the world and not merely to Russia. . . ." They will also assure you that they are "not going to shed blood unless they are forced so to do. They are at heart essentially Pacifists but at the same time they know the need of the world and will fulfil it, if the time should ever come." Whether or not all that they say is true, we must yet admit that the Red Army is one which strikes you as being very different from any other army you have ever seen. The soldiers are serious and refined. You never see them indulging in light-hearted laughter which smacks of coarseness or brutality or callousness to human life. They are serious men with a clean comprehension of their duty. There is no difference between the officers and the soldiers, and the latter do not salute the former as an inferior does the superior. There is perfect brotherliness and equality between them.

Next in importance to the Red Army if not almost equal to it is the Theatre. The Soviet Govern-

ment realizes the important part the Theatre (which includes the Cinema) plays in the building up of a nation's character, and has spared no pains in speeding on the work of the already existing playhouses, as well as bringing innumerable theatres into being. The Right Wing Theatres were all nearly closed down including the famous Bolshoi Theatre (Grand Opera House) but due to the request of the people themselves they have been allowed to continue and by means of contemporary revolutionary influence, they are silently and slowly being transformed into the Theatres of the Left Wing. Perhaps, the most important theatre today is Meyerholdt's Theatre in which you have "red-hot inspiration" of the revolutionary type. Meyerholdt, supported by the Soviet Government has become the Ideal. His most impressive production was "Richi Kitai" or "Roar China!" which deals with the uprise of the Chinese coolies under the repression of their white masters. Stanislavsky, the pre-Revolution master of Theatre-Craft, still continues with soft, wonderful and peaceful plays like Blue Bird, while the Jewish Theatres are given the fullest scope to create dramatic works which will cater to the spiritual and artistic needs of the Jews. Every Worker's Club has its own Theatrical Repertoire. The Blan Bluses perform clever skits on the conditions existing today in imperialistic countries.

These Workers' Plays are full of biting sarcasm which serves as an effective whip to wake up the bourgoisie from their blind and gaudy torpor of selfish lives of luxury. Jairov's Kamerny Theatre goes on with satire, too, but it is more on the lines of the old French *comedie des arts*. Then, there is Lunacharsky's Centre Theatre which has in it the compromising elements of the Left and Right Wings. So, we see in Russia today a delightful variety of plays with various motives, but, all the same, you feel that the drama is being speeded on to some definite end. The drama in Russia is a spendid process, dynamic and convincing, but we are still to wait for the goal it has set in view. The goal is already clearly known to Government, while some of the artists themselves know it but vaguely.

The Cinema is part and parcel of the Theatre and cannot be separated from it. The film industry in Russia is making rapid strides. About fifty thousand people are engaged in that work. Wonderful films are being produced every quarter—films not only of great artistic value and interest but also fraught with a deep revolutionary purpose. Eisenstein's "Potemkin" and Pudowkin's "End of St. Petersburg" are, perhaps, the most famous films today—certainly the former is the most famous and the most discussed film in the world. The interesting point about the film producers in Russia (not to speak of painters, poets and sculptors) is that they are very young. Youth is moulding every sphere of progress in Russia. It is a truism that youth is destined to mould the future of every country in the world—youth which, shaking off the fetters of luxury and a sinful self-centeredness, feels the heavy heart of the world beating to a solemn and sorrowful measure, youth which has learned to feel one with the millions, which has heard their cries, known their meaning, shared their agony, and joined in the great fight for world emancipation.

As to my impressions of the leaders whom I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing during the Congress, I may tell you that the most striking characteristic of all of them without exception was the survival of strong and zealous youth in them, in spite of the many years of suffering and struggle they had undergone. Another obvious characteristic was a complete wiping out of the self and unbroken identity of them with the masses. One afternoon, while I stood at the entrance of the Congress hall, I noticed a short, sturdy little man with a beard and a cap at a careless angle on his head, standing and talking in a jovial and unassuming manner to an Indian friend. I thought he was a workman; for indeed, his exterior had all the mannerisms of one, but still on closer examination, one felt that his eyes sparkled with the light of a keen intellect. To my great surprise, I was told afterwards that that little jovial man was no less a personage than the celebrated Bucharin, editor "Pravda" and author of several books full of new ideas of vital importance and one of the leading figures in Russia today. On Rykov's face is written the history of a great suffering, relieved often by an acute sense of humor and of hope. Stalin looked like an embodiment of determination. Unique among the leaders on the dais, in the Congress—unique, silent, powerful symbol of undaunted energy and vision, sat the well-known and deeply-venerated Krupskaya, she, Lenin's wife who worked with him with the full knowledge of his ideal set before her. These are some of the impressions, which it gives me great delight to communicate to my generation, which, I fervently hope, will work heart and soul for the regeneration of our country and achievement of national emancipation.

While deploring the fact that many among the Indian guests invited to Russia for the last celebrations were not granted passports by the British, it is yet a matter for great joy that our distinguished leaders, Pandit Motilal and Jawaharlal Nehru were able to be present and to dispel the unnecessary doubts that Indians have been made to entertain by the propaganda of the "vested interests." Is it not an irony that while individuals as well as deputations from England can go to Russia, responsible persons from India are prevented from going?

—Harindranath Chattopadhya.

The Bombay Chronicle.

Song

Love that is hoarded, moulds at last
Until we know some day
The only thing we ever have
Is what we give away.

And kindness that is never used
But hidden all alone
Will slowly harden till it is
As hard as any stone.

It is the things we always hold
That we will lose some day;
The only things we ever keep
Are what we give away.

The Liberator. *—Louis Ginsberg.*

Are the People of India Competent to Rule Themselves?

Does any one doubt the right or ability of England, or France, or Russia, or Japan to govern itself? Then why India, whose civilization is far older than that of any of these nations?

Who is it that presumes to say that the Indian people are not capable of self-government? Is it the Indian people themselves? No. They declare the contrary. They say they have proved by more than three thousand years of history their ability to rule themselves. Is it any friendly neighboring people who have had long association and dealings with them, and who therefore can judge with intelligence and reasonable fairness? Not at all. No neighboring nation, so far as is known, doubts their fitness for self-government. Is it an authoritative commission of intelligent, impartial and competent men selected from different disinterested nations, who have visited India, studied conditions there in all parts of the land, acquainted themselves thoroughly with the Indian people, their history, their civilization, their character, their ability, what they have done in the past and their needs today? Oh no!

Who is it, then, that presumes to declare anything so improbable, so unreasonable, so contrary to the whole experience of mankind, as that a great historic, civilized nation, compared with which all the nations of Europe are parvenus, is incapable of self-rule, and needs to be governed by strangers coming from the other side of the world? Let an Englishman answer the question.

Some years ago, the Reverend John Page Hopps, an eminent Unitarian clergyman of London, published an article in *The Modern Review,* of Calcutta, answering the inquiry in a way that nobody has ever been able to refute. Wrote Mr. Hopps:

> Who says the people of India are not fit for home rule? We, Englishmen, who profit by ruling them; we, who do not want to surrender power; we, who in our egotism think we are the best and ablest rulers in the world. But it is an old cry. It was raised against the middle class in our own England; it was raised against the mechanics of our great towns; it was raised against our country farmers; it has been raised against our women; and in every case it has been raised, not for reasons of justice, but by the people in possession of power who did not want to lose their power.

The nation which declares the Indian people unfit to rule themselves is the one among all the nations of the world which is least capable of judging fairly and justly in the matter, because, as Mr. Hopps points out, it is a deeply interested party. It is the nation which, some two centuries ago, not by right, but by force of arms, and for selfish ends, conquered the Indian people, and ever since has been holding them in subjection, because thus she secured and continues to possess increased political power and prestige in the world, large commercial and industrial advantage, much financial profit, and high and lucrative official positions, with fat pensions, for her sons. It is this nation that tells the world that the Indian people are incapable of ruling themselves. But, pray, what else can she be expected to tell the world. How else can she justify herself for staying in India?

This testimony, then, of a deeply interested, and therefore, of course, a deeply prejudiced party, is the evidence we have, and essentially *all* we have, that the Indian people are not capable of self-rule.

On the other hand, an unanswerable proof of their ability to carry on the government of their own country, is the fact that, practically, they actually *are* carrying it on *now,* and long have been.

What do I mean? I mean that Indians today are far more important factors in the government of India than the British are. I mean that the handful of Englishmen in India, with their necessary ignorance of the country, its history, its customs, its institutions, its languages, its wants, indeed with their lack of knowledge of almost everything they need to know in order to rule the country properly—these foreigners ("birds of passage and of prey," as Edmund Burke called them) cannot possibly carry on the government without the absolutely indispensable help of the Indians in practically everything; if they attempted it, there would be collapse and ruin at once. The Government of India is now, and always has been, managed largely, almost wholly, by Indians, otherwise it could not exist. The British hold the supreme positions, have the authority and the power, get the prestige and the pay, and see that everything is shaped and directed *primarily for England's advantage;* but the *actual management* of the *machinery* of government, in all its parts, highest and lowest, most difficult as well as least difficult, is mainly in the hands of Indian sub-officials, Indian secretaries, Indian clerks, Indian assistants, who are the real experts, who have the real knowledge, who are at their masters' elbows to furnish them with the knowledge which they lack, to save them from blunders which otherwise they would commit, and thus enable the government to go on.

What India asks, then, in demanding home rule, is not that the government shall be turned over to ignorance, or inexperience, or inability, but to these men of real governmental intelligence, and knowledge of government matters, these *real experts.*

Mr. W. W. Pearson, a Cambridge University "honor man," who spent ten years as a teacher in India, published a book in 1917 entitled "For India" in which he says (Page 11):

> How can it be argued that Indians lack ability to rule themselves when we find the actual British Government in India to-day full of Indians of all ranks, to such an extent that if to-morrow the British rulers of the land should leave India the machinery of administration would continue with very little change of outward form. The chief difference would be, that the Ruling Power, being no longer foreign, would have for its primary object to *benefit India* instead of, as now to *enrich England.*

Yes, the difference between India as it is today and what it would be if turned over with care and under proper conditions into the full management and control of the able and experienced Indians who are actually doing more of the real work of government now than the British officials are, is exactly, as Mr. Pearson has pointed out, the difference that, whereas *now,* the government is carried on primarily *for the benefit of Great Britain, then* it would be carried on

primarily *for the benefit of India,* as by every principle of justice it ought to be.

The Honorable G. K. Gokhale, a member of the Viceroy's Council, than whom India never produced a higher authority, told us twenty years ago, that in the administration of the government of India by the British at that time, the interests of the Indian people were not given the first place, or the second place, or even the third place; but a place actually *lower* than *the third.*

These terrible words are essentially as true today as when they were uttered.

Will there ever be a change? Will the venerable and illustrious Indian people, who have had such an influential past, ever again be ruled in the interest of their *own life,* their *own nationhood,* their *own great mission in the world,* instead of in the interest of *strangers?*

Yes, when they are *free,* and *rule themselves.* In the very nature of things, until then, *never!*

New York J. T. SUNDERLAND.

The Study Table

The Housing Problem

There is hardly a social problem in existence which does not have an immediate bearing upon housing. Family life in all its aspects of health, happiness and morality is obviously dependent upon a minimum of space and light. Recreation in our modern cities is conditioned by the crowding of old slum tenements. Taxation, sanitation, and crime, have a direct relation to the question. But despite this fact, housing reform is one of the slowest of all social movements in this country. Compared with certain countries of Europe, we are creeping at a snail's pace.

Mr. Pink's book† is written primarily as a contribution toward arousing "housing consciousness," and he has done his task well. He points out the fact that some of the worst conditions in the world exist in New York City and that an amazing number of "old law tenements" still exist and give promise of persisting for a long time to come.

But the work is not primarily devoted to negations or to criticism of things as they are, but it is rather an exposition of what is actually being done both here and abroad toward a solution of the problem. There are chapters devoted to the courageous work of Vienna in providing tenements at $2.00 per month; to the futuristic building in Cologne and Frankfort; to the splendid accomplishments of Amsterdam; to the tremendous undertaking of London in planning to wipe out the slum area; to Garden Cities, both here and abroad; and finally, to examples of the best work that has been done in the United States.

The book is thoroughly illustrated and from every point of view is the most comprehensive and up-to-date work on the subject. All socially minded people will either want to own it or to have it placed in their city libraries. To read it is to be fired with a desire to do something about this absolutely fundamental question. C. R. SKINNER.

Rampole Island

To review one of Mr. Wells's books* is like climbing a high mountain and being able to describe the scenery on the way up. At the moment, the climb and the reading absorb one. Unconsciously, the beauty of detail, color and vista are sinking in; later, with interest and, perhaps fatigue, in abeyance one can recall incidents and high lights to advantage.

It seems to me that Mr. Wells has always been climbing and seeking. We follow him, sometimes dazedly, but always hopefully.

We hope that he will discover a solution of the marriage problem; of war, children, justice, humanity and a religion that will include all.

In this last book the sharp division between the first and second parts of the book is rather trying. You adjust your mind to the lovely English home life: the magnetic religion of the old uncle that is really the simple religion of Jesus Christ in action, and then you come to disillusionment and then to lurid life in the desert island (really a delirium) which outdoes any savage description of desert islands that I have ever read. Of course, it is symbolic—hold to that and your nerves will survive the shock.

Through the book runs like a clear stream Mr. Wells's own ideals and the faith that sustains him. The faith in something intrinsically true and just.

In describing the cultivated English people, he says—and makes the dear old uncle say:

> We stand for the civilization of infinite tact.

And again:

> We are cast into today and tomorrow. We do not *act* to live.

Then:

> Savagary is more intricate than civilization.

The savagery of Mr. Wells book certainly is because it is conceived by a civilized mind. A sort of humor runs through the ghostliest descriptions of the island habits.

Human meat is eaten—foreign production where available; home products when necessary. In order to make this diet appear justifiable laws so obtuse and intricate that even the natives cannot understand them, are formulated and issued by the old men of the tribe. (Leave it to the old men to safeguard themselves while demanding sacrifice of the young!) These laws once broken, even in ignorance, bring down immediate results.

A blow on the head is given the offender—this is called the blow of "Reproof." It settles the matter and a meat meal is secured for the elders and the more fortunate. This human meat is termed "the gift of a friend."

The sardonic wit of this brings a shuddering smile. The poor victim, misled by laws he is either ignorant of or cannot comprehend, is given a death blow—the "Reproof"—and then his carcass is divided, termed "the gift of a friend," and eaten with a clear conscience and, probably, patriotic fervor.

†"The New Day in Housing," by Louis H. Pink. Published by John Day Co.

*"Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island," by H. G. Wells. Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

COMING SPEAKERS AT THE LINCOLN CENTRE FRIDAY MORNING FORUM

March 1, Max Carl Otto, "A Crisis in Religion." March 8, Dr. Roman Dyboski, "The New Poland and Her Problems." March 15, Roger N. Baldwin, "Liberty Under the Soviets." Admission, 50 cents.

THE LINCOLN CENTRE STUDY GROUP

Offers a series of six lectures on Wednesday evenings at 8:15 o'clock, to be held at Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard. March 6 Professor E. N. Anderson will give the first biographical study of Nationalists and Internationalists. Course ticket for the entire series of lectures, $2.50.

Mrs. Bernard R. Davidson, Secy.
5312 Drexel Avenue, Chicago.

PEACE PATRIOTS

A Washington's Birthday Memorial has been submitted to Congressman Fred A. Britten, Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs. This memorial was signed by ninety descendants of early American patriots who have voiced their unalterable hostility to all future wars. The petition asserts that love of country and opposition to war are compatible.

Associated under the title "Peace Patriots" with headquarters at 114 East 31st Street, New York City, a pledge is offered to "reinforce our Government by declaring our opposition as individuals to all future wars." This action is taken "as a practical demonstration to the world of our nation's sincere intention of conforming to the letter and the spirit of the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact."

A suggestion is also made that "our Government negotiate an agreement with other powers to discontinue all naval construction for at least five years." This memorial continues:

"If individuals will take the same stand against war that has now for the first time been assumed by the Governments of over fifty nations, the whole psychology of international relations will be changed. This cannot be left to a small band of pacifists but should be openly avowed by prominent citzens of each signatory power. In Germany 220,000 people have pledged themselves never to participate in another war. In England 131,000 have signed the Ponsonby Peace Letter refusing support to any Government that resorts to arms. Similar declarations have been made in France by 6,000, in Belgium by 2,000 and in Holland by 1,500. In the United States about 10,000 people have committed themselves to refuse participation in all future wars. These pledges were taken before the ratification of the new treaty which transforms such action from an insurgent protest to an expression of patriotic loyalty.

"To increase armaments now is inconsistent with the spirit of the Peace Pact, an insinuation that we do not trust the nations that have sworn never to attack us. National defense will in no way be impaired if not one ship is added to the navy of any country; nor will security be improved by the construction of new cruisers if our potential enemies increase their armaments correspondingly.

"Therefore, we, descendants of early American patriots, call upon all loyal citizens to express their approval of the new Peace Pact, and their opposition to any action inconsistent with its terms."

Among the sponsors of Peace Patriots descended from officers of the Mayflower, Signers of the Declaration of Independence and other Colonial Americans are:

Peter Ainslie, Editor, Christian Union Quarterly.

Frederick H. Allen, Lieut. Comdr. U. S. N. R. F.

Helen Tufts Bailie, former member D. A. R.

Harry Elmer Barnes, Professor, Smith College.

Bernard Iddings Bell, President, St. Stephen's College.

Benjamin Brewster, Bishop of Maine.

Mollie Ray Carroll, President, Goucher College.

John Cotton Dana, Librarian, Newark, N. J.

Jerome Davis, Professor, Yale University.

John Dewey, Professor, Columbia University.

Irving Fisher, Professor, Yale University.

Harry Emerson Fosdick, Minister, Park Avenue Baptist Church, New York City.

John Haynes Holmes, Minister, Community Church, New York City.

Paul Jones, former Bishop of Utah.

Mrs. Thomas W. Lamont.

Frederick Lynch, Church Peace Union.

Alfred W. Martin, Ethical Culture Society.

Mary E. McDowell, Chicago settlement worker.

Kirby Page, Editor, The World Tomorrow.

J. Poynz Tyler, Bishop of North Dakota.

Karl Reiland, Minister, New York City.

Mary E. Woolley, President, Mt. Holyoke College.

William Floyd, Director of Peace Patriots.

THE NATIONAL WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE OF AMERICA

Will hold its annual meeting in Washington, D. C., on May 6-11.

A girl—her job—the relationship between them: this is the first concern of the National Women's Trade Union League of America.

Twenty-five years ago the League arose from a desire to "assist in the organization of woman wage workers into Trade Unions and thereby to help them secure conditions necessary for healthful and efficient work and to obtain a just return for such work." So reads the first statement of its objective. Complex work relationships had grown apace since the day when woman's intimate household tasks—spinning, weaving, the making of garments—had become mechanized. From

---

Wells' hero survived on the island because happily he was believed to be a lunatic and lunacy among the tribes is, quite naturally, regarded as a most holy and sacred state. The lunier you are the better subjects you become. The mad outpourings of a diseased mind are bound to mark leadership among a people utterly incapable of self-control and justice. But the philosophy of the old uncle, the sweet, pure religion, hold even on the savage island.

The hero—known as the sacred Lunatic—leads the tribes from the dark caves in which they dwell to the upper lands where sunlight and pure air prevail.

"Man," says Wells, "is not an animal, the analogy is false. Man has a Soul and a Will."

Then comes the final scene. From delirium, from the results of disillusionment and suffering, the hero returns to life only to face the Great War.

Here Mr. Wells gives rein to his own beliefs and creeds. At times, viewing the actions of nations in conflict—he intimates that the savagery on the Rampole Island is mild in comparison—the sharp contrast of "the civilization of infinite Tact" and that of modern warfare grows keener—really there seems to be no civilization that can be relied upon.

Is this so?

To me, the character of the dear, old uncle, the Reverend Rupert Blettsworthy, is delicately portrayed and the vicar's wife, Dorcas, is particularly true. She was a woman, in herself colorless and confused, but endowed by her husband's noble interpretation she becomes a being without whom his own life is incomplete.

Mr. Wells draws character so clearly that one feels as if, after reading this book, life at the vicarage in Lattmeer, South England, is a very real thing and that the simple religion of Jesus is indeed the hope of the world.

HARRIET T. COMSTOCK.

the beginning of time she had stayed at home. The machine age, the new ways of work, her new freedom (with its menace as well as its hope), had called her into the factory.

There are now 572 occupational opportunities—and women working in all but 35! Such magic expansion produces complex human problems and new responsibilities calling for an ever keener leadership.

One day of the Convention will be given over to an organized discussion of the wage relationship between the girl and her job. Is there a demonstrable wage theory? Are there wage levels that can be estimated? Questions such as these will challenge the delegates' thinking.

Convention deliberations will cover other phases of the woman worker's "organizability"—her chances for education and the direction of public opinion toward an understanding of her workaday life; and industrial legislation which follows the dictate of that public opinion and brings up the laggards in industry.—Mrs. Raymond Robins, Honorary President, (Chicago Women's Trade Union League); Rose Schneiderman, President, (United Cloth Hat & Cap Makers of North America); Agnes Nestor, Vice-President, (Glove Workers' Union); Elisabeth Christman, Secretary-Treasurer, (Glove Workers' Union).

A WORLD PEACE DAY

An annual international holiday, designated as "World Peace Day," to be celebrated on August 27th, the day the Kellogg Pact for outlawing war, was signed in Paris, is proposed by the German paper *Acht Uhr Abendblatt.* Secretary Kellogg has accepted patronage of this movement, and a number of prominent persons, including Foreign Minister Briand and Paul Painlevé of France, and President Butler of Columbia University, New York, have given their endorsement. Insist that this day be made a reality, and then celebrate it with a will.

—Pax International.

INDIANA PEACE CONTESTS

Information concerning Peace Contests in Indiana Yearly Meeting for the current year is being issued by the Yearly Meeting's Peace Committee in a neat folder, giving in detail the rules and conditions governing these contests, copies of which may be secured by addressing Ora Wright, Fairmount, Indiana, Superintendent of Contest Work, who is ready also to supply books of selections for memorizing.

—The American Friend.

ONE-DAY CONFERENCE

The Adolescent, held by Chicago Association for Child Study and Parent Education, in the Red Lacquer Room of the Palmer House, Saturday, March 9, 1929.

Morning session, 10:00 a. m., chairman, Professor Frank N. Freeman, University of Chicago. Indoctrination, The School Life, Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, President Antioch College. The Social Aspect of Adolescence: The Ethical Life, Rev. Paul Hanley Furfey, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

Luncheon session, 12:30 p. m., chairman, William J. Bogan, Superintendent of Schools, Chicago, Ill. The Social Ordeal of the Adolescent: The Social Life, Dr. Ernest R. Groves, Research Professor of Sociology, University of North Carolina.

Afternoon Session, 2:00 p. m., chairman, Professor John J. B. Morgan, Department of Psychology, Northwestern University. The Perfect Girl and Her Boy Friends: The Normal Sex Interest, Eleanor Rowland Wembridge, Sociologist and Author. Choice and Freedom: The Two Generations, Elton Mayo, Associate Professor Industrial Research, Harvard University.

IMMIGRANTS' PROTECTIVE LEAGUE ANNUAL MEETING

Residents of Chicago and Illinois and their friends are cordially invited to attend the annual meeting of the Immigrants' Protective League to be held Thursday, February 28th, 1929, with luncheon at the Union League Club, 69 W. Jackson Boulevard, at 12 o'clock noon with adjournment at 2. General Abel Davis will preside.

The speaker on this occasion will be Dr. Roman Dyboski, a distinguished scholar of modern Poland. Dr. Dyboski during the war was taken prisoner by the Soviet Army and held captive for seven years. His long exile in Russia furnished material for his book, "Seven Years in Russia and Siberia." He holds a chair at the University of Krakow, Poland, and has lectured at the Universities of London, Oxford, Cambridge, Prague, Edinburgh, at Geneva under the auspices of the League of Nations, and at eastern colleges in the United States. He is now a visiting member of the Faculty of the University of Chicago. Dr. Dyboski has come to America under the auspices of the Kosciusko Foundation which aims to promote the progress of intellectual relations between America and New Poland.

This event is of particular interest because the Immigrants' Protective League is 21 years old this year. It serves all nationalities and creeds.

Telephone the Immigrants' Protective League, 824 South Halsted Street, Chicago, Haymarket 6374, for reservations for yourself and your friends. $1.75 per plate.

It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your Printing will be above criticism if done by

THE OAKLAND PRESS

3913 Cottage Grove

Tel. Atlantic 1876

Phone Oakland 489 JANITORS' SUPPLIES

Everything in HARDWARE

AT

PORTER'S

4236 Cottage Grove Ave.

Read

THE BIRTH CONTROL REVIEW

It stands for Children of Choice, not of Chance. It gives you news of the current legislative battle for birth control. It contains articles by authoritative writers on vital phases of human progress.

Birth Control Review

104 Fifth Ave., New York City

Subscription: $2.00 per year

MARCH

The expectant feeling of Spring is in the air. It's high time to get ready the new season's apparel—to start the big home cleaning. Therefore we suggest the cleansing of both garments and home furnishings by our process of continuous clarification—the most efficient possible.

Schumann & Co

Cleaners Dyers

PHONE DREXEL 0231 ALL DEPARTMENTS

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS

3960 Cottage Grove Avenue